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NEWS

St. Michael's Hospital School of Nursing Alumnae
TORONTO, CANADA



Christmas Greetings
and
A Happy New Year

THE NEWS

Published quarterly by the Alumnae Association
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ALUMNAE NEWS EXECUTIVE

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ALUMNAE MEMBER HONOURED

Mrs. James Day (Amy Higgins) '97, was an honoured guest at the Golden Jubilee ceremonies of St. Joseph's Hospital, Syracuse, N.Y., whose School of Nursing she organized.



Merry Christmas
Happy New Year
To All Our Members

As we go to press we have just received word that Aileen Riordan is gravely ill at the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal.



Our best wishes to Jean Robinson, '45, who has been received into the Novitiate of the Franciscan Convent of Our Lady of the Angels, in Wheaton, Illinois, and has received the habit.

Reta Brown, '32, has been appointed Superintendent of Nurses at the Port Colborne Hospital.

ALUMNAE MEETING

The December meeting of the Nurses' Alumnae of St. Michael's Hospital was held in the lecture hall of the Nurses' Residence on December 12, 1950.

The minutes of the September meeting were read and approved.

Miss Doreen Murphy gave the Treasurer's report. Miss Ferguson reported that she had attended an R.N.A.O. meeting which was held Oct. 4, 1950, at which the reports of the Vancouver Convention, June, 1950, were given.

Miss N. O'Connor reported that she and her committee were unable to make suitable arrangements for a Theatre night, at present.

The Alumnae dance will be held January the 29th at the Embassy Club—tickets \$3.50 a couple. Miss Gwen Ferguson is convening this dance.

It was moved by Mrs. Alice Romano and seconded by Miss Gertrude Egan, that a multipot be purchased for use at our meetings and teas.

Miss Mary Kramer and Mrs. Alice Romano were appointed as conveners of the Nominations Committee for 1951.

A delightful Christmas play was presented by the Preliminary students.

ALUMNAE FEES NOW DUE

You will be receiving your Notice in the mail that your Alumnae Fee is now due. This must be in by January 31st to be eligible for Hospital Benefits.

Don't put it off . . . send it as soon as you receive your notice. This will help your Treasurer, it makes the banking end of it so much easier. She asks too that you send it by money order, if possible, instead of cheque—but to send it is the main thing.

**NOTICE**

MEMBERS PLEASE NOTE: We have always done our best to forward copies of *The News* that were returned because the person had moved, but the numbers have increased so and the membership has grown so that we find that we cannot continue to do this. So, if you do not get your *News* please check to see that we have your **NEW** address.

RETREAT

A retreat for graduate nurses was held at the convent of Our Lady of the Cenacle, the weekend of October 28th. Reverend F. Hackett, C.P., was the retreat master. Twenty-four Alumnae and graduate staff members attended.



TRY

Borden's Milk

PR. 2511



**"A Holy Year
Pilgrimage
to
Rome"**

(Ann Anderson, '17)

Every year, thousands of people travel to Rome, to visit the Eternal City of the Past, but this year the sights of Rome were surpassed by the pilgrims, humbly coming in prayer to gain the Indulgence of the Holy Year. Rome is not a pretty city like some of our modern American ones, but a most interesting place, filled with ruins and history of the Roman era, and especially within the old wall, where one is spellbound with tales of the struggle under the rule of the Roman Emperors.

I went—alone—to Rome, as a Pilgrim, and therefore was more impressed with the Holy Year activities, and the joy of visiting all the beautiful churches. I arrived at 7:30 in the morning. Rome in July is usually very warm, but on stepping from the train, felt sure they were celebrating my arrival with a little extra heat, for it was intensely hot, even to a New Yorker. However, I didn't seem to mind it much, for my only thought was to go to St. Peter's Basilica as soon as possible. It is quite some distance from the Excelsior Hotel to the Vatican, so the drive there gave me a good view of the streets of Rome; many of its famous churches, public buildings and beautiful fountains, but none of these were as awe inspiring as when I reached the Avenue leading to the Plaza in front of St. Peter's, and there saw the Basilica for the first time in all her beauty and glory.

I walked slowly up this long avenue. It is very wide. The sidewalk was filled with outdoor cafes and all of Rome, or her pilgrims, seemed to be having their breakfast. The buildings are new, built of white brick and quite high. They consist of executive buildings and clubs belonging to the Holy See. I entered the Plaza, and walked slowly up the many steps to the

Basilica, and as I stood there in the Holy Door, looking into that beautiful edifice, down that long aisle to the crypt and High Altar, I was overcome with fear, lest it would all prove to be a dream. The interior appeared colossal and all so magnificent. After my visit to the Crypt of St. Peter's, where the Holy Year prayers are said, I toured the church. Around and around I went, and on each round, I seemed to see something that I had missed on the previous one. There is so much there to see!

It was easy to pray in Rome. Everybody prayed, even on the streets. I passed many pilgrims, saying the Rosary, in a body. A most impressive sight was the arrival of a pilgrimage; their fervor and devotion as they neared the Basilica. They seemed to be people, in groups, from many, many foreign countries. Most of the pilgrimages formed their procession in the Plaza, but some started from the foot of the avenue. They were led by a cross bearer and two acolytes. All the way up this long walk, they would be praying, or singing, until they reached the Holy Door, where all knelt in prayer before entering the Basilica. They continued their singing up the aisle, until they reached the Crypt. There they knelt, and all said the Holy Year prayers aloud. While the pilgrimage would be leaving by the side aisle, another would be entering the main aisle. These pilgrimages went on all day, and all the while they were coming and leaving, Holy Mass was being said at nearly all the altars. These side altars were like small churches, and large groups of people knelt on the marble floor hearing Mass. All the confessional boxes were marked for foreign languages, which made it easy for the pilgrim to go to confession in his own language. One very impressive pilgrimage came from Belgium. It consisted of over three hundred girl scouts. They wore their two tone blue uniforms with a navy blue scarf. After them came a pilgrimage of monks. They were bearded priests, with brown habits and sandals on their feet. They approached the Crypt in silence, and after a few minutes there left as quietly as they entered. The contrast between the Girl Scouts, who were young, strong and full of spirit and singing simply gloriously, and the silent and sombre monks, very austere and devout, all

advancing towards the crypt with the same intention of making a Holy Year visit in St. Peter's Basilica, one of the four Holy Year churches to be visited to gain the Indulgences. Thus the peoples of the church came from all over the world.

Now, I must tell you about my semi-private audience with the Holy Father at Castle Gondolfo. The Castle is about fifteen miles from Rome and the drive there is most interesting, especially to ones interested in Roman history, for we drove by the ancient viaduct and on the old Roman road.

It is needless to say that as we approached the Castle, my nerves were beginning to creep, for in a few moments I knew we would be standing before the Holy Father, which was a great blessing I was about to receive from God. I was filled with contrition and humbled in spirit as we entered the Castle. We were greeted by two handsome Swiss Guards, in their blue and gold uniforms. Our invitation card was accepted and we were passed as being properly dressed for the occasion. By two more guards, we were taken up a marble stairway to a beautiful hall. The semi-private audiences usually consist of fifty people, and as they arrived they were ushered into this hall where we all sat on seats around the wall until our names were announced. As our names were called, we entered another hall. This was a large room with a dais covered with red plush carpet, and on it stood a throne chair covered with white satin and trimmed with gold cord and tassels. As we entered we were placed, standing with our backs to the throne, around the base of this dais, and at the appointed time for the audience the Pontiff entered the room accompanied by two men, in attendance, who were dressed in black satin. The Holy Father was in white, with red skull cap and red slippers. He did not sit on the throne but instead walked in front of us, speaking to each one in his, or her, own language. I was second in line. When His Holiness approached me (according to our instructions), I extended my right hand, which he took in his left hand on which is the ring one kisses when receiving his blessing, and standing thusly I said, "Holy Father I beg your blessing for myself, for my dear family, and for all who

have asked me to pray for them." In this way he knew I was English. No words can do justice to the sublime feeling one has when you hear the Pope's voice addressing you; asking you in a simple way, "where have you come from, and what do you do?" When he raised his right hand to give his blessing, I knelt down—on both knees. My audience was over, and he passed on to the next pilgrim. I was ushered out on the arm of one of the guards into the room that we first met in. After the semi-private audience was over, our pictures were taken. We were told it was a procedure for the Castle records. The whole audience took about twenty minutes, but I'm sure it is a happy event in my life that I shall never forget.

On leaving the Castle, I was met by the friend who escorted me there, and he told me that before leaving the village, he had one more happy surprise for me. He took me to the village church and there in a heavenly bower of white roses and lilies laid the body of little Saint Marie Goretti, the little saint who was canonized on June 25th. Again I felt our dear Lord was especially blessing my pilgrimage, for it was a privilege to visit her shrine so soon after canonization.

We returned to Rome and that afternoon spent a long time in the Vatican Museum and the Shrine Chapel, viewing the most beautiful paintings and works of art in all the world. That same evening I returned to St. Peter's Basilica at 6:30 to attend the public audience. The large edifice was completely jammed with pilgrims, each country in sections and while awaiting the entrance of the Pontiff, these different groups sang the Litany of the Saints, the Credo, etc. It was not far from the archway through which the guards carried His Holiness, sitting erect on that chair we have seen so often in pictures. It was a thrilling moment for me, and to realize that just that morning he gave me his blessing.

By now my trip to Rome was coming to an end, but before leaving I had one more place to visit, which too will always be a memorable event. I visited the Grotto, about five miles south of the city, where Our Blessed Lady appeared to the Communist leader about a year ago. This

(Continued on Page 16)



CLASS REUNION

The September, 1943, Class held a most enjoyable reunion, the weekend of November 18th. A buffet supper at the King Edward Hotel on Saturday night was followed by an evening of reminiscing; letters and messages from those who were unable to be present were much appreciated and enjoyed.

On Sunday Sister Mary Bridget welcomed us at the hospital. Following a tour of the beautiful new wing, tea was served.

Those attending were:

Sister Mary Bridget, St. Michael's Hospital.

Emily Cooper Cunningham, 76 Lake Promenade, Long Branch.

Eunice Darrach Richard, 27 Dell Park Ave., Toronto, Ont.

Mary Jones, Box 625, Gravenhurst, Ont.

Mary Boles Fecteau, 9 The Maples, Bain Ave., Toronto, Ontario.

Margaret Simpson-Ray, 1246 Kingston Rd., Toronto, Ont.

Norman Middleton, 82 Broadway, Toronto, Ont.

Marie Kraft, 130 McPherson Ave., Toronto, Ont.

Marjorie McGregor, 992 Broadview Ave., Toronto, Ont.

Mary Osborne, Newmarket, Ontario.

Margaret Loftus Lee, 519 Jarvis St., Apt. 8, Toronto, Ont.

Kay McNamara Clancy, 613 Glenholme St., Toronto, Ont.

Ruth Rodger Reingold, 419 Glengrove Ave., Toronto, Ontario.

Jean Russell Murray, 113 Cadorna St., Toronto, Ont.

Helen Berhalter, 992 Broadview Ave., Toronto, Ont.

Bertha Tunney, Sunnybrook Hospital, Toronto, Ont.

Babs Howard Dixon, 307 College St., Sudbury, Ont.

Lois Huck, St. Michael's Hospital.

Josephine Herringer Montemurro, Maple Creek, Sask.

Joan Bains Johnston, Keswick, Ontario.

Edna Johnston Hensler, Gananoque, Ont.

Mary Roche Quinlan, 7 Park Drive, Brantford, Ont.

In case you are interested in the addresses which we have of those not present: Rev. Sr. Mary Vincent (Betty Foley), St. Joseph's Hospital, Chicago, Illinois; Frances Brankin Publow, Perth, Ontario; Muriel Daly MacEwan, Copper Cliff, Ontario; Kay Firth Watt, 341 Muskrat Street, Banff, Alta.; Helen Franlick Johnston, 7 Francis Street, Trenton, Ont.; Maureen Graham Duffy, Climax, Sask.; Thelma Hornberger, 8240 E. 2nd Street, Downey, Calif.; Mary Boyd McCroomb, Peter Street, Sudbury, Ont.; Margaret Romano, 1041 Gerrard St. E., Toronto, Ont.; Mary Lou Bentein Cain, Emo, Ont.; Lillian Hodges Loepky, 3900 Trans Canada Highway, Abbotsford, B.C.; Antoinette Kraft Riddell, 85 Province St. N., Hamilton, Ont.; Helen Kirk, 806 Fifth Ave., St. Paul, Minn.; Rose O'Reilly, St. John's Hospital, Vancouver, B.C.; Ruth Robertson, Box 454, Carleton Place, Ontario; Helen Wadden Biaerstoe, 93 Russell Rd., Overbroog; Marguerite Doody Bannon, Deanery Ave., St. Johns, Newfoundland.



AT COMOX, B.C., Following Canadian Nurses' Association Convention, Vancouver, B.C.

Left to Right: Sister Joana, Sister Ursula, Hamilton; Sister Mary Kathleen, Sister Teresa Marie, Sister Vincentia, Sister Collette, Sister Bathilde, Sister Alice Marie, Sister St. Albert.
Front Row—Left to Right: Sister Laura, Sister Theophane, Sister Laurene, Sister Jeanette.



HOLIDAY VISITORS

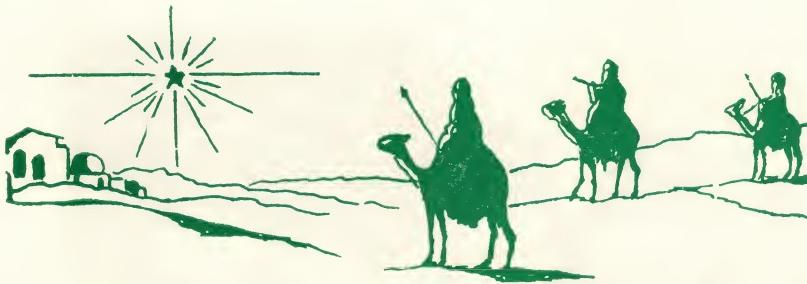
Mrs. Edna Overend Foy spent a very enjoyable summer in California.

Mrs. Clare Kelly LaBine spent six weeks in Europe this summer, visiting Rome and other points of interest.

Marie O'Brien has returned from a wonderful holiday spent in Nassau, Bahamas. She recommends it to all would-be holidaymakers, especially the plane trip.

Betty Courage, Marilyn Moore, Ada and Edna Brophy flew to New York City for a brief visit recently.

Eva Richardson expects to spend the Christmas Season with her sister in New York.



STUDENT ACTIVITIES

Preliminary students are busy people and their education takes on many interesting facets. Do you remember when you were a probie? Times change and the probie of today has to be on her toes to keep up with the community at large. The following is a list of her educational and social activities as seen on the bulletin board at St. Michael's:

Visit to the Canadian Bank of Commerce Tower
—Sept. 19.

Picnic to the House of Providence Farm—
Sept. 27th.

Hallowe'en Party—October 26th.

Visit to the Filtration Plant—Nov. 8th.

Visit to the Art Gallery—Nov. 15th.

Observation of the Santa Claus Parade, Nov. 18th.

Visit to Silverwoods' Dairy and Farm, Nov. 23.

Silver Tea—Nov. 26th.

Visit to the House of Providence, Nov. 30th.

Visit to Royal Ontario Museum, Dec. 14th.

Visit to Our Lady of Mercy Hospital, Dec. 7th.

Christmas Nativity Play for the Alumnae—Dec.
12th.

Christmas Nativity Play—Dec. 18th.

In the meantime the rest of the School were quite busy too, the Intermediates holding their Uniform Dance on November 9th and the Seniors their Uniform Dance on November 10th.



WE EXTEND SYMPATHY TO—

Mrs. Claire Kelly Labine on the death of her mother.

Mrs. Irene Gaudette Fletcher on the death of her brother.

The family of the late Cecile Hanrahan Herbert on the death of her brother.

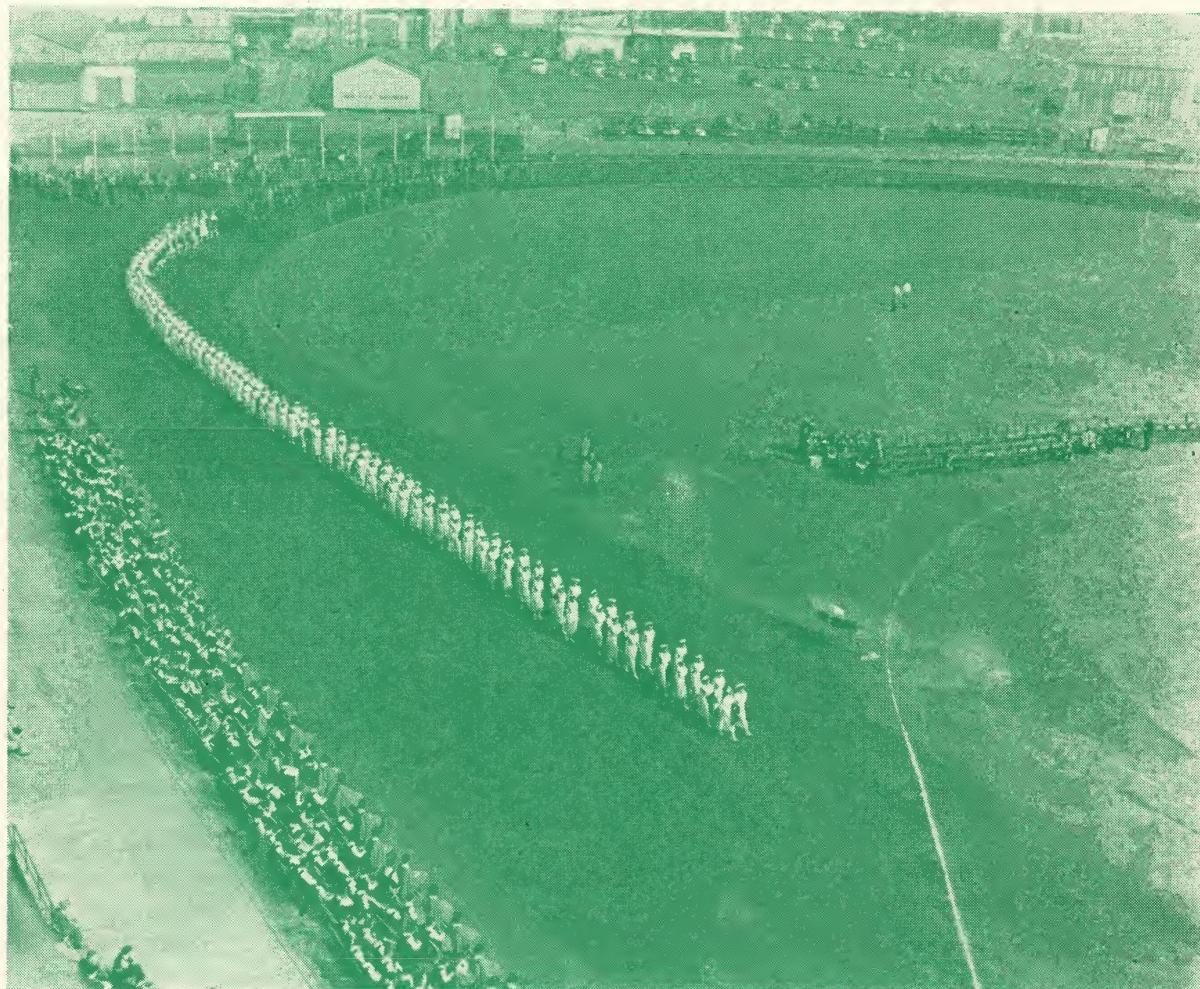
Ann Cummins, '29, on the death of her niece.



Reta Burke, '49, and Vivian Haddad, '49, are on the staff of the Temiskaming Hospital.



HELEN SIMPSON LYNELL, JOHN F. LYNELL
HELEN SIMPSON FLOWERS
2518 YONGE STREET (at St. Clements)
MA. 1145 City-Wide Delivery

ST. MICHAEL'S NURSES' ON ROSARY SUNDAY**PUBLIC
HEALTH**

Anne-Maria Quigley is with York County Health Unit now, and is stationed at Sutton, where she has opened a branch office for the Unit.

Barbara Grant, '32, has been appointed supervisor in the Hillcrest District, Toronto Department of Health.

**MORE
VISITORS**

Irene Nealon enjoyed a visit to Vancouver this summer.

Mrs. Irene Leahy Powers enjoyed a holiday of six weeks in the Maritimes. Irene is on the staff of Our Lady of Mercy Hospital.

Mrs. Irene Gaudette Fletcher spent two months in St. John, New Brunswick, this summer.

"The Need For A Public Relations Program"

(Speech given by M. J. O'Brien, President O'Brien Advertising Limited, Vancouver, before members of the Western Canada Institute for Hospital Administrators and Trustees, Hotel Vancouver, October 6, 1948.)

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Montague Norman once said, "Never explain . . . never apologize." A fair enough motto to Mr. Norman in the lush nineteen-twenties. But the days of such insolent mottos are done. The tragedies of war and all the complexities of a world peopled by humans who insist upon moving faster and faster as the years go by; a world which is daily becoming more complicated to live in; a world where every new labor saving invention makes a restless people still more restless and dissatisfied; where every new healing drug discovered only serves to turn attention to newly discovered diseases . . . all these things have made Montague Norman's attitude as hopelessly outdated as the dinosaur.

But the basic problem of human relations goes back much further than our century.

The long story of the human race is soured with the frequent record of mutual distrust, and is, more often than not, highlighted by the constantly recurring restless struggle between individuals, groups and classes. The oldest fight in recorded history is the fight for men's immortal souls. The second oldest is the fight for men's minds. Both have been carried through history with unabated vigor and often have been confused and carelessly identified. Men have fought for each others' minds in order to save or ruin their souls; at other times men have fought to save or ruin the souls of other men in order to influence their thinking. Though details have changed frequently as the centuries passed, the main issue has remained extraordinarily constant. That issue is whether men are to be considered as masses or as individuals.

Today the struggle is as fierce as ever, the issues even more sharply defined. Depending on the

point of view, people speak of it as the struggle between spirituality and materialism; Christianity and paganism; democracy and totalitarianism.

That the fight is continuous and furious, surely no one can doubt who follows even superficially the swiftly changing events of the world.

How devastating its effects can be is perhaps most sharply illustrated in the case of Great Britain. For who would have believed twenty years ago that Great Britain and particularly England, the very birthplace of individual freedom, could have been propagandized into socialism? Who would have thought twenty years ago that the world would be divided into two bitterly opposing camps as it is today? Worse still, who would have believed that even in democratic countries operating under the free enterprise system, collectivism would have made such inroads, or that democratic governments would suddenly have developed into monsters of bureaucracy?

Yet, these things have happened. They are the cold, bitter truths of today. And they have happened because the forces of materialism, of collectivist thought, have been better propagandists than the forces of democracy. They have happened because those who believe in the superiority of the state over individual human rights have done a better job of public relations than we have. Or to be more exact, because we who believe in the sanctity of human rights, in democracy and in free enterprise, have neglected the force and importance of public relations.

But there is a realization of this shortcoming in business today, and a determined effort is being made to recover lost ground. There is at last, in the realm of business, an effort being made to gain greater public favor, make good conduct known to the public in a sincere manner without boasting . . . to tell business's story *simply, honestly, forcefully, and repeatedly*. Not all business has yet realized this . . . not all business is approaching the grave problem with the gravity it merits. But more and greater sections of the body commercial are waking up to the fact

that they must fight this fight forcefully and continuously, if they are not to find themselves swallowed in the maw of nationalization . . . their freedom of action gone, and the personnel mere civil servants . . . without initiative, without ambition, without life.

Why do I tell you, who are members of the medical profession, who are doctors and nurses, these things? Why do I tell you of the battle between democracy and totalitarianism, and the fight for survival of free business enterprise? I tell you, because you yourselves are in the very front line of the battle, and unless and until you begin to fight with the weapons of public enlightenment and public confidence, you will find yourselves deprived of your ancient honors and freedoms, and relegated like clerks to the barren drudgery of mere civil servants.

Up until the middle of this year, you who belong to the medical profession in Canada, may have been justified in feeling your professional integrity recognized, your professional standing secure, your future not endangered. But on July the fifth of this year, Britain began the unhappy experiment of free health services, and the handwriting is already appearing on the wall here in Canada. Governments in democratic countries are looking for ways to nationalize medicine. And if they succeed, tragedy will surely accompany the radical change necessarily implied. Socialized medicine can only bring tragedy ultimately, for socialized medicine will kill progress and set the human race back centuries. During the war, medicine in so far as it concerns the fighting forces, was nationalized. May I ask the doctors and nurses if they would care to exercise their professions permanently under practically the same conditions brought about by the socialization of medical and hospital services.

You have a proud and distinguished profession. Through the centuries medicine has lifted man from the level of animals to the dignity of a race no longer subject to the periodic devastation of world-encompassing plagues. You have saved lives; made great discoveries; made the world and its people healthier and better fitted to meet the future.

But in doing so, you have drawn apart and away from the very men and women whom you have served and are serving so faithfully. There have been many contributing factors . . . physical material changes; wars, political upheavals, and your own failure to realize that you yourselves have entered the business field, and must therefore act not only as professional men and women, but also as business men and women.

Many years ago, when medicine was still feeling its way, and when many important, life-saving discoveries were still to be made, a doctor was more closely integrated in communal society than he is today. The family doctor was more than a doctor. He was an advisor, a comforter, an old friend. While his knowledge was not as great as that of today's doctor, he was dealing with a far less complex life.

With the exception of a sheltered minority . . . the wealthy and the aristocratic, most people worked hard and made far less money than they do today. But though they earned less, their wants were fewer. Their entire life was simple, but adequate.

Then, with the advance of science and the march of progress, life began to get complicated. The invention of electric light, telephones, central heating, electric irons, motion pictures, automobiles, radio, washing machines and a host of other amazing labor-saving devices and forms of entertainment, caused a strange paradox. It is true that they gave us more leisure, more pleasure, more ease and a more hygienic life. But they also caused us to be dissatisfied with the simpler ways of living. The more inventions to save work . . . to bring comfort and entertainment . . . the more we wanted. The simple farm life, the quiet, slow pace of small communities were no longer attractive to the majority of our people. The pace of life became faster and more hectic. More and more of us desired the bright lights, the big money and the wider pleasures of the great modern city. And as we advance still further, as we seize more inventions for the satisfaction of our appetites, as we make more money, we find ourselves more restless. For the plain truth is that the more we get both momentarily and materially, the more there is to want. Our desires are outpacing our possessions and our actions. At one

time very few people owned pianos or carriages or fine clothes. The vast majority knew of these things only as the possessions of the very wealthy. Many of them had never even seen them. They had seen only pictures of them. But today, because of the enormous development of communication and transportation; their fantastically increased speed, when a word can flash around the earth in the drawing of a breath and we can cross this vast continent in a mere matter of hours, everybody wants to own a radio, a car, a fine home, electric washing machines and a thousand other material comforts and labor saving devices. In other words, just as the days of isolationism on the part of nations are done for, so the days of the isolated individual, family or community are finished.

And in exactly the same fashion, the day of the family doctor is threatened with extinction. When population moved to the city, doctors too moved to the city. The discoveries of medical science which once took months and even years to be spread about the world, are now known by three-fourths of the earth's population in a matter of hours or at most, days. Hospitals have become enormous institutions covering acres of ground and employing thousands in their operation. Doctors have become specialists. Functioning as they do in centres of heavy population, dealing with an infinitely greater variety of diseases, they have less time for individual patients. In most instances their patients are merely clinical cases and names and histories on filing cards . . . a very small proportion indeed are friends. Doctors, in the majority of cases, no longer carry on their practice from their homes, but from offices in great medical buildings or in group clinics. Hospitals are huge antiseptic health factories . . . less human than hygiene. Medicine, in a word, has progressed from the horse and buggy days of the family doctor, to big business.

And in that phrase lies the crux of the matter. If doctors and dentists, hospitals, clinics, the nursing profession and all that is allied with the practice of medicine, have expanded from a group of professional men and women into a vast business enterprise, then they must learn to think as business men and women. And if they think as

business men and women, then they must accept the operational status of business and apply it to themselves.

For your own survival as one of the great sciences in civilization; as the most vital of the professions, as one of the most respected and dependable groups of community life, you must do as business is learning to do . . . tell your story, simply, honestly and repeatedly. You must make good conduct known to the public in a sincere manner without boasting. You must embark upon a continuous campaign of public relations before it is too late.

Many of your problems are similar to the problems of general business and industry. But your danger is even more imminent than theirs. As I already pointed out, the Government is moving into medicine in Great Britain. And the experiment they are making there is not a happy one for either the people or the members of the medical profession. The cost is appalling, and those in lower income brackets are already complaining of the dent weekly deductions make in their pay cheques. Worse still, the insistence by Minister of Health Aneurin Bevan that doctors accept a stated basic salary, has met with a storm of protest on the part of the medical profession in Britain. But they are too late to make their protest completely effective. The damage is already done. The country has embarked on a scheme of free health at the fantastic cost of more than \$600,000,000 a year . . . most of this coming from the taxpayers' pocket. The scheme has a thousand holes in it . . . insufficient number of doctors who have agreed to go along with it; a scale of fees based on unreliable figures and offering no security to the medical or dental profession; not enough nurses, hospitals, medical and dental apparatus to swing the scheme. Here in fact is a government scheme which is being effectively hamstrung by the government's own restrictions on building. These restrictions are preventing, for many years to come, the construction of proposed health centres recommended under the scheme.

That is the situation in Britain. The disaster is already upon the medical profession. They are now fighting a defensive battle against bureaucracy.

In Canada, there are ominous signs of similar left-handed operations on healthy individualism in the matter of health. Our Government is moving slowly but surely towards state medicine. So is the Province of British Columbia. Its new hospitalization scheme, while it operates in a manner similar to the associations it is putting out of business, like the Blue Cross, is bound to be riddled with red tape and the evils of bureaucracy. It will be a less satisfactory organization to deal with from the point of view of doctors and hospitals than were the private associations.

The dangers are therefore very apparent, not only to doctors but to the whole medical profession, speaking in the widest sense. For state medicine will affect everyone connected with medicine . . . physicians and surgeons, hospital administration personnel, nurses, laboratory personnel, dieticians, anaesthetists, X-ray specialists . . . everyone connected in any way with the practice of medicine.

How then are you going to combat this growing menace?

That is not an easy question to answer. The ideal, of course, would be to present the people with a better and cheaper system of medical care than could ever be devised or implemented by any government. But that is something still in the future.

What I offer you today, is not a suggested cure for the disease . . . not a remedy for the ailment already upon us . . . but a standpoint . . . a stimulant which can be of great assistance in preparing you for the final great effort.

That stimulant is advice.

I advise you . . . all of you . . . for your own protection . . . for the continuance of your careers as individuals, and for the preservation of your professions as the proudest and most merciful on earth, to turn seriously to the matter of a planned co-ordinated and continuing scheme of public relations.

The practice of medicine has drifted too far from the orbit of the people's intelligent interest. You must make certain, not only that the drift

is stopped, but that the tide is turned the other way. There is no phase of medicine today that is not desperately in need of properly planned public relations. But there is a most urgent need for public relations, on the part of hospitals. Canadian hospitals must set up their own public relations departments, headed by carefully selected experts, men whose business it is to gauge and interpret and inform the public mind. You must get across to the general public that hospitals are perhaps the greatest inventions of modern civilization, because they comfort the weary, cure the diseased and prolong the life of the nation. Tell them your story, but make sure it is a good story.

Too many people in this country are prone to say "I would rather die at home than go to a hospital."

That is a stigma that you yourselves can and must remove. You can only do it by improving your internal public relations. You have the miracles of science, the efficiency of great learning, the advantage of knowledge and the power of hygiene. But you have forgotten the one thing that keeps you far removed from the people. You have not succeeded in eliminating fear.

People are afraid of hospitals. They are afraid from the moment they are received in the admitting office until the day they step out into the open air again, cured.

Remove that fear. Make the admitting office a pleasant place, not an interrogation chamber. Put patients at their ease from the moment they walk or are carried into your doors. Carry the same principle throughout the entire establishment. Then tell your story with the surety that the facts back you up. Remove fear and distrust, and you have gone a long way to recovering the ground you have lost.

You are too far from the people. Your heavy responsibilities for the lives and welfare of Canadians goes beyond the treatment and cure of their physical ailments. They have minds . . . they have imaginations, they have human fears, and you will have won the biggest part of your victory.

Hospitals in the United States are becoming aware of this insistent need. They are already

embarking on very extensive and very seriously planned schemes of public relations. They know that the discharging of their responsibilities, like yours . . . the exercise of their skills for the protection of the men and women of the world, must be tempered by the warmth of confidence and trust and mutual sympathy. Like them you must get to know the people . . . get closer to them . . . let them know what you are doing. Doctors, nurses and patients must be brought together on a level of multilateral friendly understanding.

Every person who is a component part of the medical profession, in or out of hospitals, is responsible for the future. Do not think for a moment that it is the sole responsibility of the Canadian Medical Association. It is not more its responsibility than it is the responsibility of its individual members. And no scheme, no matter how expertly contrived, no matter how efficiently carried out, will be of any use, if the individual doctors, nurses, dietitians, hospitals, and so on, do not do their part. Every minute action and thought is an integral part and a vital part of your advance to a great future, or your retreat into the category of civil servants under state medicine. The manner of hospital reception, the relations between patients and nurses . . . the relations between personnel in various departments in hospitals . . . everyone of these is a link of the utmost importance. No amount of publicity issued by hospitals or medical associations to the public will do any good, if it cannot be backed up by conditions in the field of internal relations which measure up to the very highest standards.

Therefore any system of public relations which is instituted by hospitals . . . by the Canadian Medical Association or by the College of Physicians and Surgeons, must be complete. Every nurse, every doctor, every dietitian, every laboratory worker, every X-ray technician, must be thoroughly briefed, yes, and even trained in the case of general hospital personnel, to keep uppermost in their minds that their duty is not only to assist and cure corporally . . . but to set at rest the minds of the patients . . . to dissipate their fears. You must make them feel that they are something more than specimens or cases. They are your fellow Canadians.

That may seem soft and unnecessary to some of the more cynical among you, but I assure you that if you don't do it, you will eventually wind up as paid servants of the state and we shall be back to something very similar to the hideous days before Florence Nightingale, when hospitals were pest houses, and the personnel who staffed them no more interested in their work than wardens in a jail.

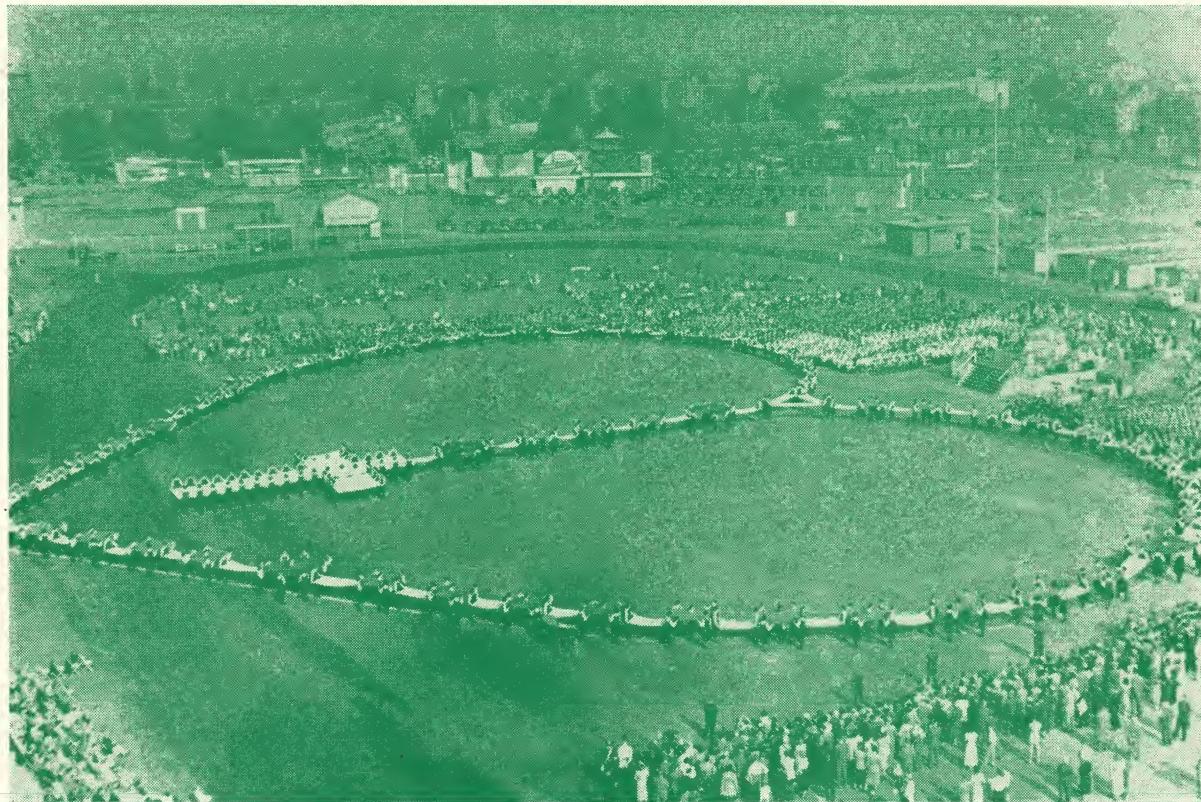
You *must* escape that. Medicine has come so far. It has such a glorious history of achievement. Are you at this stage, going to allow a government, any government, to take the initiative from your hands? Hospitals are not perfect now, for the reasons I have already outlined to you. Think of the hideous transformation if they were all to become state institutions. Have you ever been in any institutions of any kind operated by any state, that had the slightest tinge of humanity in it? It is impossible for any state institution to be human. But as long as hospitals can be operated by private enterprise, they can remain human, and they can and should become *more* human.

The ultimate step of course, as I said before, is to perfect a system of health and social services, so far in advance of anything that any government could devise, that the people would be glad to have it.

That is still a long way ahead. It would entail the launching of a full scale survey across Canada, province by province. The purpose of the survey would be to ascertain the maximum in social services desired by the Canadian people at the time of the survey. The next step would be to put economists to work to build a blueprint for the implementation of a scheme to provide such social services at reasonable cost.

The Canadian Manufacturers' Association would have to be approached to aid in the work, for members of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association employs the great mass of the people. Through research and negotiation, the endorsement of the CMA would be obtained. Then they would have their own members implement the plan among their own employees. To carry the plan to its ultimate conclusion, Boards of Trade, Retail

(Continued on Page 18)



ROSARY SUNDAY—EXHIBITION PARK

VISITORS



A. Bourdon and niece spent a week in Kingston taking in the rugby game while there.

Anne Creed, '23, and Olive Corley, '25, were Holy Year visitors to Rome.

Mrs. Irene McGurk Dunbar while visiting this summer, met and chatted with Mrs. George Priske (Alexandrine M. Nicol, '34), whose address is 15 Sigma Rd., Bourlamaque, Que., and Mrs. Sheila Davidson Diehil, '38, who lives at 16½ Sigma Rd., Bourlamaque, Que.

Norah McHenry was a recent visitor to Chicago where she spent two weeks visiting.

Mrs. Helen Brosman Maloney spent a few days in Toronto recently, on her way to London where her son is in Medical School.

Mrs. Lillian DeRoches Mulligan enjoyed a visit here recently with her daughter who is training at St. Michael's.



JUNIOR ALUMNAE

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Parrott (Florence McMillan, '45), announce the birth of their daughter, on Sept. 16, 1950.

To Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bailey (Claudia Fleming, '40), a son, on Oct. 26, 1950, at St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto.

At St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto, on Oct. 5, 1950, to Mr. and Mrs. Thos A. McCulloch (Ruth Barlow, '46), a son, Peter Michael.

At Auburn, California, to Mr. and Mrs. Tom Newell (Mary Krane, '36), a son, "Gregory George," on Oct. 18, 1950.

On Nov. 21, 1950, to Mr. and Mrs. Emory Robertson (Addie Cooney, '30), at St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto, a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Clifford (Agnes Garner, '45), announce the birth of their son, on Oct. 27, 1950, at St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto.

To Mr. and Mrs. William F. Mooney (Margaret K. Hunt, '32), on Oct. 6, 1950, at Chicago Lying-in-Hospital, Chicago, Ill., a son.

On Oct. 10, 1950, at St. Michael's Hospital, to Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Burns (Eileen Whalen, '33), a daughter.

To Mr. and Mrs. Hewitt (Helen O'Rourke, '44), a daughter, "Heather Kathleen", on June 28, 1950.

On Nov. 18, 1950, to Mr. and Mrs. John Newton (Josephine Schwalm, '30), a son, at St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto.

At Belleville, Ont., to Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Ffye (Joan Fahey, '46), a son, on Oct. 6, 1950.

On Nov. 18, 1950, to Mr. and Mrs. Orval Neil (Valerie Seharback, '41), a daughter, at St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto.

To Mr. and Mrs. Victor Thomkinson (Bernice Hughes, '47), on Oct. 17, 1950, a son, at St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. James McKay (Helen Holyday, '44)), announce the birth of their son, at St. Michael's Hospital, on November 3, 1950.



"A Holy Year Pilgrimage To Rome"

(Continued from Page 5)

Apparition is considered authentic by the Church, and many miracles have been recorded. The most important one being that this man was converted back to Catholicism and is now winning back all the communist followers that he was responsible for. This Grotto is on an elevation in a wooded area, off the main roadway. It is quite secluded from the public, but on reaching the grounds it is easy to forget the world and relax in this little Eden. Considerable of the grounds have been cleared. Beautiful flowers are growing everywhere, outside the railings, which encloses the cave in which Our Lady stood. Within the cave, or which is now the Shrine, is the most beautiful statue of the Blessed Virgin, and all about her are lovely, lovely roses and moss growing on the earth, and this is illuminated with hundreds of votive lights. I would have loved to have remained there longer, but my pilgrimage was over. I left the city that night. In leaving, I carried many beautiful and indelible memories away with me, but sweetest of all is the compassionate look in the Holy Father's eyes, when he looked at me, and in his low, sweet voice, "God bless you, my child," he said.

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MARCH MEETING

SECOND TUESDAY - MARCH 13th

Same Time . . . 8 p.m.

Same Place . . . Residence Auditorium



Annual Elections



**WE ARE DEPENDING ON YOU - - - - - PLEASE
COME AND BRING ANOTHER MEMBER WITH YOU**

"The Need For A Better Public Relations Program"

(Continued from Page 14)

Merchants Association, Labor Unions and other organizations would have to be sold on the idea, in order that it could be implemented even in the smallest towns and villages across the land.

In other words, the medical profession of Canada in all its phases would have to seize the initiative from government in order to bring planned social services of the very finest order to the people of this country at lower cost than it is possible for a government to deliver in a much less adequate form.

That it can be done there is no doubt. It has been proved time and time again that private enterprise can and does operate more effectively and at lower cost than governments can. Governments breed bureaucrats who feed upon waste. They eat money and produce nothing; they are top heavy with administration and lack progressive thought or action.

This would be a gigantic enterprise. I am not for a moment suggesting to this meeting that it would be undertaken at this moment. It would take the combined efforts of the Canadian Medical Association, the hospitals of Canada and the nursing and allied professions to launch such a scheme. It must be done, of course . . . if you are to survive as non-nationalized professions. But there are more important things to come first.

Public relations can be both salvation and armor against the future. Every hospital in Canada should employ a public relations director immediately.

Public relations for hospitals . . . for doctors . . . for nurses . . . for everyone connected with the practice of medicine in Canada. Get closer to the people. Seize the initiative from government. Take fear away from hospitals; from the practice of medicine generally. That is the big job of the immediate future.

But the big job of the moment is to perfect internal relations so that the next step can logically and safely be taken.

Tell your story simply, honestly, forcefully and repeatedly . . . make your good conduct unassailable and then make your good conduct known to the public in a sincere manner without boasting, and your battle will be half won.



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MONTEITH-McNAMEE—In Kirkfield, Ont., on Saturday, October 28, Patricia McNamee, '46, to Edgar Monteith.

McINERNEY-LAVIOLETTE—In Newman Chapel, Toronto, on Dec. 2, 1950, Mary Joan Laviolette to John Percival McInerney.

MacDONALD-O'KEEFE—In Welland, Ont., on Oct. 7, 1950, Kathleen O'Keefe, '49, to Duncan MacDonald.

SCHNORE-STAFFEN—On Oct. 6, 1950, Lois Staffen, '47, to Maurice Schnore.

SMITH-DEVLIN—In Trinity Church, Parry Sound, Ont., Audrey Devlin, '46, to Wm. Barton Smith, on Dec. 16, 1950.

SELMES-MURPHY—At Holy Rosary Church, Toronto, on Nov. 18, 1950, Mary Louise Murphy, '47, to Hans Augustine Selmes.

BARBER-GORDON—At St. Joseph's Church, Grimsby, Ont., on Nov. 11, 1950, Catharine Gordon, '49, to Robert Barber.

RILEY-LARSEN—On Oct 7, 1950, in Sacred Heart Church, Walkerton, Ont., Lorraine Larson, '37, to Kenneth Riley. Rev. Father Simpson officiated.

HOYNE-COOK—At St. Mary's Cathedral, Kingston, Ont., on June 17, 1950, Billie Marie Cook, '50, to James Hoyne.

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Notes



Mrs. Mary Madigna McDevitt is a patient in Our Lady of Mercy Hospital.

Sister Margaret is confined to hospital with a fractured shoulder.

Mrs. Mary McTier Illes, who has been on the staff of Our Lady of Mercy Hospital, is now staying in Chatsworth, Ont.

Mrs. Rosella Grogan O'Sullivan has moved to Pickering, Ont.

May Malloy, '49, is a student in medicine at Gonzaga University, Spokane, Washington.

Dorothy Bergin, '45, and Mary T. Murphy of the operating room staff, are taking a post-graduate course at the Neurological Institute, Montreal.



ANNUAL ALUMNAE DANCE

to be held

MONDAY, JANUARY 29, 1951

at the

EMBASSY CLUB

Dancing 9:30 to 1:30 a.m.

Tickets \$3.50 per couple

Tickets available at the Tuck Shop and the Residence

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